

Once upon a time, long long time ago. When I was born my mom told me, She had never felt so amazing that god blessed her. She had spent almost every second of the day with me, as I got older I became a daddy's girl, whoever said mommy's princess was never going to grow out of her heels were wrong. As I got to 4 years old, I had done everything with my daddy. We went fishing, skating, and some times even shopping. We grew a special bond that nobody could break not even my mom.

My mom and I had a bond, but not as special as my dad and I. My dad was always there for me, like when my worked late night shift. While my mom was working, my dad cooked for me and helped me with my homework.

I love my dad I also love my mom there love from me is equal, but I just have a better bond with my dad. It's unspeakable, there is an amazing feeling when I around him. He always turns my frown upside down and puts me in a better mood. My dad always says if I'm not there, there is a hole in his heart.

Dad and I are driving to Dominos pizzeria. We do this a lot in fact, we do this every Friday night i'm at Dad's house.

"Hey dad?" I asked.

"Yeah, buddy?" Dad replied

"Why don't we ever get something besides pizza?" I finished.

Dad did not answer. When we got to the pizzeria, Dad and I both went inside to pick up the pizza.

"Sorry sir, just a few more minutes and we will have your double pepperoni pizza out." the pizza man told Dad.

"That's OK," Dad replied, "we will just sit over here and wait." Dad and I walk to the corner of the pizzeria and sat down on the bench.

"How was your day at school?" Dad questions.

I hesitate when he says this. What did I do at school today? Then it popped in my head. "I learned how to do multiplication in Math, then in English I read my book."

"Sir your pizza is ready." Announced the pizza man.

"Thank you." replied Dad quickly as he grabbed the pizza.

On the trip back to the house I asked "Dad how was your day?"

"It was the best day ever," He replied happily,

"What happened?" I ask while being glad to see him smiling.

"because I got to see and spend time with my best buddy in the world, you!"



"NO! please I don't want to leave!" I replied furiously. Yes we have to leave now!" my mom yelled with the peevish grin on her face.

This all started 3 weeks ago my mom was at work and my dad was at home. "Hey son we need to talk." my dad replied with a tamper face. "Sure dad." I replied with confusion upon my face. "Now son.", before he could say anything I interrupted him "There is this girl I like she is new and her name is Elizibeth." as I delivered the great news with joy running down my face. "Yes son I love that there is a girl you like, but we are moving in 3 weeks." noted my dad. "What?" I replied with question rolling down my cheeks.

"But I don't want to leave!" I replied while I got in the car. "We have to leave!" my mom replied. Then that girl I liked she was there. "Joshua" a drone voice replied my name, And then I knew just then I made a special bond.

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"No it's mine!", yelled Mark and I as we fought over blocks. Before I wanted the block, I wasn't sure about Mark, he seemed fishy.

The day before I was coloring a picture and my crayon disappeared out of my hand and reappeared in Marks. I was mad but I got a new one until POOF! Gone again with a blink of an eye.

"Give it back!", I asked politely.

"NO!" Mark responded rudely.

"Please?"

"NO! NO! NO!"

I told the teacher and got to get my picture colored.

The next day was block day where we play with legos. I was fun until Mark ruined it.

"Mine!", Mark screamed.

"No it's mine!", I responded in anger. We decided to share and it had a good reaction.

"Wannabe friends?", Mark asked.

"Sure!", I happily replied.



Years ago, when I was nine, I was sitting on a tall stool at the table as I chatted with my stepfather, laughing as my little brother Robbie danced around with a cowboy hat on like the six-year old he was.

I got up for an icy cold can of Mountain Dew when my mom, who was bickering with her own, approached the back door.

Little did I know that it was the exact moment when my kitten, Maggie, decided he wanted to go outside.

As Mama opened the door and went out, Maggie bounded to the exit and stopped to sniff around.

Mama didn't know he was there, so she began to slam the door shut with his head sticking out side.

I cast my kitten a glance, and gasped in horror.

Time seemed to go in slow-motion as I lunged to the floor.

I landed on my stomach, and it knocked the breath out of me, but I still reached and grabbed my kitten's scruff with my hand.

The door banged shut just as I pulled him away from it and toward me, breathing heavily.

Maggie had just realized what had almost happened and he locked our eyes on each other.

Maggie could have died right there, and he wouldn't have seen it coming.

As we stared at each other, we realized that this was no ordinary friendship.

There we were outside throwing the football.

"Go long," my dad announced. I couldn't believe I caught it. Now let's just start from the beginning.

It was a normal Sunday afternoon when my dad stepped into my room. "Wanna play?" my dad questioned.

"Play what?" I answered a little confused.

"Football" he answered with excitement.

"I don't know, but I guess so," I nagged.

"Okay let's go outside," my dad grinned.

As I stepped outside the boiling sun against my skin felt marvelous. While sitting outside waiting for my dad to get the football, I watched the slight summer breeze blow thru the grass.

Here came my dad whistling to his favorite song. "Let's get started," my dad proclaimed.

We stood there my dad threw a wimpy throw.

"I'm not that bad," I declared a little angry.

"Fine, I'll throw a little harder," he hesitated.

He threw it I still couldn't catch it I got a little disappointed with myself. My dad walked over to me. "It will be okay, you'll catch it," my dad emitted. "Okay, I'll try one more time," I moaned.

"GO long," my dad announced. It was coming to me, I knew this was my chance to catch it. "I caught it," I screamed with excitement. I did it I finally caught the ball, I'm glad it was with my dad.



When I was in Florida I lived with my dad and my mom. The house we lived in was fairly new had a cinnamon smell to it, so to the ladies.

One day we decided to put me in a sport I was nine so I was just starting to ~~be~~ old enough. I was not allowed to decide of course, they were thinking about it for a while.

Then one day my dad said track because he was in track and enjoyed it very much. So

We got to spend some quality time together when training. We spent the time we had together we had the best time we ran

and ran. The feeling of the wind going by as the hard ground hits your foot repels your other foot back to the ground.

One day me and my dad were training and as we ran we decided to take a break while we were sitting he passed out and so did I. By the time we woke up it was night so we went home on our way we saw one cat and two turtles we couldn't just leave them there so we took them home while the cat played on the rug, and that's how my house got infected with fleas.

"Ouch!" Cory grimly scetched as I sunk my fangs into his right shoulder.

Lets go back to the beginning. It all started around noon when my bi-polar brother tore one of my dolls heads off.

My mom called him into the kitchen and saved his life, I was furious. I watched him as he walked back to his room. I then tip-toed behind him and bit the fire out of him.

That's when he screamed like a little girl, even though he is one.

I knew right then and there I was going to be in deep trouble, but I didn't care. As long as I got my sweet revenge I was perfectly fine.

That day my mom grounded me, I got in trouble, and all that.

All I know is that as long as you don't hurt me then I won't hurt you. But if you do then just be ready for some sweet revenge.



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Ouch, Trey cried out. I think I just broke my thumb screamed Trey. "Are you OK", shouted Coach Davis.

It all started back in 2008, when my brother introduced me to his coaches. Ever since there was always one of them that truly believed in me, Clay Davis. He has stayed on me about grades, on the court, even behavior.

Meanwhile in hurt, Coach Davis calls almost 20 times a day, asking am I OK, do I need anything, he was just so worried about me getting back on the hardwood.

You can tell if someone really cares about you. They will always try to make life better as Coach Davis has done for the last six years. He will always be a Dad - Coach on and off the court.

One beautiful Saturday afternoon, My dad and I, were going to Galveston for a few hours while My Brother and My Mom were at a meeting, But we couldn't tell them but suddenly we heard, "Ring Ring Ring" it was My Mom calling! My dad answered quietly with surprise.

"Hey, Why are you calling aren't you at Church?" My dad asked worriedly.

My mom replies, "Oh, I wanted to see what you are doing." "Just sitting on the couch watching ESPN," my dad quickly states. Then, I slowly grab his cold metal keys, a chill runs down my back when he hangs the phone up. We get outside, I'm almost blinded by how sunny it was. My dad and I are always talking about sports so that's how we get in the car. But, as soon as we get ready my mom pulls around the corner, before we get yelled at we look dumbfounded at each other because we thought she said 2:30 instead of 12:30 so we both know what's going to happen now.

"Eddie, thanks for everything today you're the best son I could ask for," My dad gently commented "Well, Thanks for bringing me here for me," I replied. As my mom turns the corner we run inside, but we all know she saw us! "You boys are in a lot of trouble," Mom yells.



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It all started one day when my dad told me we were going to Australia. Just me and him we were going to see my dad's sister. Quickly we got on the plane it was bigger than a rocket. It could hold about 435 people the longest flight seemed like years. An 18 hour flight my dad just sat over there tapping his foot for hours. The food was fantastic but the bathrooms not so much. The whole time we were on that rocket of a plane we talked about everything even some things we never had the courage to talk about. Being in the air changed our friendship. My uncle and cousin knew we were coming. I haven't seen any of them for three years just on Skype. We finally got off the giant and went on an overnight cruise ship we were so tired I don't even know what happened. When we awoke we were there and so was my uncle there waiting to pick us up we left and got to his house where my dad taped my uncle's foot and said we came to far for a sleep.